



THE AMERICAN MOTHER AND SON.
AN INCIDENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

An aged woman and a stalwart youth
Were standing—hand united;
Most anxious were the looks of both,
As though some grief had lighted
Upon their brows: the one in which
Life's throbs were waxing slower;
The other, where, all fresh and warm,
The blood seemed to pour.

And thus they were—the mother gray,
Faint, weary, and sad hearted—
Near to the son from whom the sense
Of duty, will'd her parted.

It was no wonder that the silent tear
Adown the cheek of each did glisten,
Nor that their ears attuned should be,
And for the merest word listen.

It murmured 'twas at length—not one nor two,
But many—'twas one confessing
To a strong love, support, and care—
Each God-like, and each blessed and blessing;

And still the mother and the son stood thus,
Communing in deep thought, and full of sorrow,
Because that aged woman childish might
Be made, long ere a distant morrow.

But other times were nam'd—the times when all
The loyal sons America had yielded,
Went forth in mighty hosts, determined that
America herself should well be shielded
Against the foreign foe then daring her
To enter warfare blood and oppressive,
From which, thank God! we came the better men,
And triumph'd o'er the stranger, late aggressive.

All this remembering, the loud mother said:
"Farewell, my son! thy country's too returning,
A hero's laurel's thine; if killed, thy name,
Mine and thy country's tears shall be avenging!"

A HEAVY STAKE;
OR,
HOW THE GAMBLER WAS OUTWITTED.

A MAN tidily and respectably dressed in a black frock coat and blue trousers, had come regularly for some time—this was the seventh—always at the same time, to the same table; had for a while looked on the game, and at last drew a linen bag out of his breast pocket and staked it on a card. On the first evening the card had won, and he shook the bag out on the counter to count the money. There were twenty-eight Spanish dollars, upon which the banker quietly counted out to him the same sum, and the gentleman walked away with his gains, without venturing a second cast.

On the second evening, he again staked as before, and lost. Quite coolly, however, without even a look of discontent, he opened the bag, shook it out—it contained exactly the same sum as on the last occasion; then rolled it together, and thrusting it into his pocket, left the saloon. On the third, fourth, and fifth evenings, the same thing occurred. The gamblers got used to the man, and amused themselves with his odd ways. Again he lost exactly as before, always taking the bag away with him.

On the sixth evening—and so exactly he kept his time, that the gamblers said, laughing, to each other, "It can't be eight o'clock yet; the eight and twenty dollar man is not come." He again appeared, staked as usual, and once more lost. The barkeeper who dispensed his wines and spirits just opposite to the table could not forbear laughing aloud as the stranger shook out the money in his business-like way, as if paying a regular debt for some employ, rather than gambling, and throwing away his money.

The seventh evening came. It was a full minute past eight o'clock, and one of the gamblers said, laughing, to the other, "We have used him too badly; we have frightened him away," when his comrade pointed over his shoulder, and there was the man in the black frock coat making his way to the accustomed place, where some, who had met him there before, readily made room for him, and where he quietly took his seat, paying no sort of attention to the whispered jokes and laughter around him. Until precisely a quarter to nine, he gravely watched the play, and then brought out the well-known linen bag, setting it upon the deuce, which was at that moment turned up. Two cards were drawn, without the deuce appearing. Now the ace fell upon the left, and on the right—a scarcely perceptible smile played upon the banker's lips—the deuce! The stranger turned pale as death, but without uttering a word upon his change of luck, he stretched out his hand for the linen bag and was untying it as usual, to count the dollars, when the gambler said—

"Let it be, I know how much there is in it—eight and twenty. Am I not right?"

"No," said the man quietly, shaking out the silver upon the table; he shook the bag again, and after the silver came a roll of closely wrapped bank notes and folded paper.

"What is this?" cried the startled gamblers, and the bystanders crowded up full of surprise and curiosity.

"It is my stake," said the man with seeming indifference, and untied the ribbon that held the bank notes together.

"Hold! that won't do!" exclaimed the gambler, throwing down his cards. "That is false play. You have counted out only eight and twenty dollars the other evenings."

"False play!" repeated the man, with a threatening frown. "Prove it to be false play. Did I not place the bag, just as it lays there, upon that card? And did you make any objection to taking it unopened?"

"No, no. It is all right, it is all fair!" cried the bystanders, always ready and eager to take part against the professional gamblers, who feel quite convinced they do not play fair; although they cannot resist the fascinations of the gambling table, but return again and again to be cheated out of their money, as long as they have any to squander there.

"He has staked, and won it, and he must have it," they said.

"Count your money. How much is it?" said the gambler, who had whispered a few words to his comrade. "How much is it?"

"Firstly, eight and twenty dollars in silver," he replied slowly, and others laughed; "then here is bank notes—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight hundred dollars; and then there—"

"What, more?"

"A small bill of exchange on Smith & Penneki—as good as gold, accepted and all, the money only needs fetching—for three thousand."

"Three thousand!" shouted the gambler, starting up from his chair. "Are you mad? That is altogether near our thousand dollars. I shall not pay that!"

"Shall you not?" said the stranger, indignantly.

"Would you not have taken it if I had lost it?"

"To be sure, he would! Of course! Would he take it? Ah, all they can get they take, and a little more!" exclaimed a number of voices. "He must pay; there is no help for it!"

"Gentlemen," protested the gambler, in the vain hope of obtaining a vote in his favor; "gentlemen, staked—"

"And every time lost," interrupted one of his hearers.

"I have been present several times, and have also heard it from others, that he has never, in a single instance, made the least objection to paying."

"But that was only the paltry twenty-eight dollars."

"Only let me speak," remonstrated the gambler, who had turned deadly pale, and trembled all over. "It was but eight and twenty dollars that he shook out upon the table, and the papers held back. Three times already I have won the same sum from him."

"Prove that I had a cent more than the eight and twenty dollars in the bag," said the stranger, contemptuously. "Such excuses as that won't serve your turn."

"Why did you not keep the bag, companion?" laughed a Spaniard, who stood by; "we keep all that is set on the card."

"If he had lost again, nothing more would have come out of that confounded linen bag than the trumpery dollars!" said the gambler, savagely.

"That is very possible, but you cannot prove it," returned the lookers-on. "You must and shall pay."

"I'll be hanged if I do!" said the gambler, furiously striking his clenched fist on the table. "It is a new sort of rascally trick they want to come over me with, but they've got hold of the wrong man. I won't pay!"

"You have won a hundred dollars from me in the last half hour," exclaimed a tall Kentuckian pressing forward over the shoulders of the others, "and I had to pay up to the last cent; if you refuse to pay him, you must fork that out again!"

"And mine, too." "And mine." "And mine," cried many voices together. "I, too, have lost." "I lost five and twenty." "I a pound of gold; out with it if you won't pay."

A brother gambler now came up from a neighboring table, and spoke in a whisper to his unlucky comrade, whilst the tumult was increasing round the table; the other contented earnestly in the same tone for several minutes, but yielded at length to his persuasion, and they both took the money to count over again, carefully examining the bank notes as well as the bill, which was drawn on one of the first banking houses in the city.

There was nothing to be said against either one or the other; and whilst the stranger, who had quite recovered his equanimity, sat quietly looking on, as if the hubbub was no concern of his, the gamblers counted out the money he had won, almost stripping the table of the heaps so unostentatiously piled up. Part of the payment consisted of several packages of gold dust, which the stranger, before accepting, cut open, examined carefully, and then weighed at the counter just opposite, where he also took a glass of brandy. He found all correct, and disposing of the gold in various pockets, he shook what remained into the mysterious linen bag, put the papers and bank notes into his breast pocket, and courteously saluting those present, left the saloon.

His quondam friends laughed and talked over the occurrence for a while, and of all present, there was scarcely one, probably, who did not feel pretty sure that he had played false—that he had his bank notes and bills in the bag on the preceding evenings, ready to be produced if he should win. But this they did not call dishonest—it was a clever trick. The gamblers seize upon every advantage, fair or unfair, that comes in their way, and every one who had his wits about him, would look out for himself.

THE TURNING OF A CARD.—Some eighteen or twenty years since, a well-known resident of Tipton county was put on trial charged with the murder of his wife. As usual in such cases, popular feeling was largely against him, and all the eloquence and ingenuity of his counsel were required to make any impression in his favor upon the jury, which, however impartial it might desire to be in the consciousness of sworn duty, could not but see the waves of popular prejudice surging in upon it.

The case was ably argued. The counsel for the defence made most vigorous and impassioned appeals. The case was submitted to the jury, and they retired to make up their verdict. Time passed, and as the setting sun warned all of the approaching night, the large throng in attendance, the judge, counsel, etc., retired, all anxious, the accused not the least so, to learn the verdict of the jury, and some wondering that the jury hesitated one moment to bring in a verdict of guilty. In the meantime the jury had come to a point beyond which they could progress no further. The appeals of the counsel for the defence had not been without their influence—the jury stood unchangeable—six for conviction and six for acquittal. Something had to be done. In those days twelve good fellows could not get together for a night, and sleep. Cards appeared mysteriously from the depths of sundry pockets, and exercises in seven up and poker were zealously commenced.

About midnight, one of their number, Col. P., proposed that they should play a game of seven up, the result to decide the verdict. The proposition was heartily and unanimously agreed to in all seriousness, and the whole crowd collected around Col. P. and his opponent, who proceeded to play a game on which was staked a human life.

Col. P. played to save the accused. His opponent played, and quite as zealously, to secure his conviction. The backers, five and five, stood behind them, encouraging the champions, and very anxiously watching the game, dimly seen by the light of two tallow candles.

They proceeded with very equal fortune, till both parties stood at six and six. It was Col. P.'s deal; he dealt and turned jack. The prisoner was acquitted, and every member of the jury joined in the shout which startled the whole village, even the revellers at the "grocery."

Next morning the jury went into court and gave, to the astonishment of many, the verdict of "Not guilty."

IN THE "OLD DOMINION."—"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

TREATISE ON SWIMMING.
NUMBER FIVE.

CRAMP is the great bugbear of bathing, and is generally attributed to numbness in the limb produced by cold. That this is not the ordinary cause is shown by its being so frequent in bed; there is no doubt that it often proceeds from the stomach in some state of indigestion. It is very painful certainly, and troublesome, but no swimmer's life ought to be endangered by it; for it never seizes the arms simultaneously with the legs, and if the resources of swimming have been properly mastered, he can get on with legs minus arms, or with arms alone. The writer was once attacked by cramp in both thighs simultaneously, but with his hands swam to his boat, floating at some distance off, and scrambled into it. By the way, these two useful accomplishments ought to be recommended to everybody, the art of taking headers out of boats, and that of getting in again without imperilling the balance of the craft. Neither must be attempted on the side, but only from the stern or stern of light rowing boats. Frequently there is no other way of enjoying the cool water, but it is in going along with the stream that you thus have the advantage of dispensing with stoppages and mooring the boat, and you do not hinder your companions from rowing on while you are dressing. All who go out on boating or yachting trips should do these little manoeuvres with facility. In making way against stream, which is both the test and the delight of true swimmers, keep close to the bank, and following our instructions, lay down the head half buried, so that the eyes are towards that bank along which you coast. You thus regulate your distance from it, which ought to be so near as to admit of the free stroke of limbs, and you also mark your progress.

Lasher bathing is the finest form of river privileges, as it is also the surest nursery of powerful swimmers. Not that there is danger to any tolerable hand in jumping into such places, if the rule of common sense is observed. But as we have seen accidents arise from want of a little observation as to what the water does in a strong rush, and what the swimmer need do when in it, a few remarks are here added. You see that lasher, with its seven feet fall, and its four sluice gates well open; there is a thundering plunge, and just where the water meets the lip of the pool it forms a hollow, and immediately beyond it a big white-crested wave curls. Upon the top of that wave you direct your head; coming up instantly you find yourself in soda water, and three or four other waves pass over your head; you cannot avoid these duckings, and must not fight against them; simply paddle upright and do nothing, but let the water take you where it will; if you were to lie absolutely motionless, it would in due time bring you round in its back current to the bank. If you think to swim out of the rush quickly by making strong strokes, you will not succeed. You can do nothing but submit while in the strength of it. If you lie down to swim in the troubled broken mass, you will be sure to swallow water, and when you do that, you are in danger. We saw a man once fall into difficulties from neglect of this rule, though he had been warned by his companion, more experienced in lashers, that he should keep quiet when past the fall, down which they were to swim. There was an immense crowd looking on, and from a desire to emulate or overtake his leader, he struck out strongly while in the waves, got well ducked and lost his power, and so was eventually landed on the bank by his friend, humiliated and exhausted. They went over that fall in the best attitude, on the back, feet foremost, regaining the erect position by dropping the legs when once in the rush. Lashers are always boarded upon the lower side, and care must be taken not to strike the knees when passing; lie, therefore, flat on the back, if you wish to swim through. An Oxford man once swam down Sandford lasher, an undertaking we should not recommend to be followed; the danger, he remembered, lies in having not a strong rush, but too shallow water over the boarding. There is no softer falling than into water, if only there is plenty of it; and a swimmer considers that depth is the surest condition of safety, just as a well-founded ship requires only sea-room, and then it may blow and welcome. It was said that the temperature is the chief measure of time and distance in the water. When it once tops 60 degrees, we consider it swimmable, and any point above that up to 75 degrees or so is what we may expect in summer. In the unusual summer of 1859, the sea in a southern county, after coming up over the sand, stood at 82 degrees, and the Rhine at a fraction below 80 degrees. At this warmth it ceases to be refreshing, and long bathes are, to us Northerners, enervating. But the effects of too long a stay in cold water are infinitely worse. The writer remembers an attempt to swim across the Swiss lake of Thun, which is fed by glacier streams, when the venturesome Englishman who would do it was pulled by his friends into their boat in a cerebral state. Such feats are unquestionably reprehensible. There can be no rational object in enduring pain under conditions unsuited to the human frame. Cold kills the swimmer, not fatigue. The real difficulty in Lord Byron's famous swim across the Hellespont was in the time of year and temperature. The distance is nothing—only about seven furlongs—nor has the force of the current anything to do with the achievement; he would arrive exactly in the same time, supposing the current to flow true and parallel to its banks, as if in dead water. But he swam it in March, and that no doubt made it a serious matter.

The famous passage of Leander from Sestos to Abydos, which was Byron's point of crossing, and back again in the same night, has been a subject of great controversy. Some who have examined the scene and swum in it, allege it to have been impossible; and the authority of Strabo is adduced to prove that the current sets strong off from the European shore, so as to make a return back to it beyond a man's power. Byron says he found no such set of the current. But it is not certain that Strabo does say so; he states that vessels crossing from Sestos have the current with them, and that they creep upwards about a mile along the Abydos side of the coast before striking over for Sestos. This may mean only that Abydos was rather lower down than Sestos, so that in coming from Europe one would be going along with the current. The fact is, we are not sure where the two places stood, and so the controversy must remain probably unsettled. But that there can be any difficulty to an Englishman, even not in love like Leander, in swimming at some point from Europe to Asia, and back again off the reel, we do not believe. Let some one competent go and try. It may not be generally known that the sea on our coasts changes much more rapidly in temperature than smaller bodies of water. This is owing to our lying within the influence of the Gulf Stream; a sudden gush of it will raise the Channel temperature 9 degrees in forty-eight hours, without a gleam of sunshine; and it has been known to drop 9 degrees in twenty-four; doubtless on the ceasing of some such stream of warm water,

and its being succeeded by a colder jet from the eastward. A river rises and sinks very slowly, and the notion that a morning's bathe is perceptibly cooler than that of the summer evening before, is quite unfounded. One of the most curious occurrences on this head takes place in mountain lakes, where you may find the very surface quite pleasant, and on dropping the feet, come down to a zone of unpleasant chilliness. A powerful sun warms the top layer rapidly, and this being lighter, remains uppermost as long as it is undisturbed, and not fused up with the general mass by the action of winds and streams entering the lake. Thus also, river water overruns the salt, being lighter, and we have frequently, when bathing on a coast near a mouth, found that the element was perfectly fresh and sweet. This on a small scale exemplifies what is said of the influence of such rivers as the Orinoco and Mackenzie far out to sea.

Far be it, however, from the thorough bred aquatic to decline the water at any temperature however low; water is always usable, if not swimmable, and, as will be seen directly, we are strong advocates for winter bathing. But we are here speaking of cold water at warm seasons. At the greatest cold it cannot do any one the smallest harm, provided the bathe be rapid.

One important maxim to remember on getting into difficulties—such as falling in with unexpected sets of currents at sea, or misjudging the distance proposed to be swum—is, not to be hurried. If you begin to strike quickly, and accelerate the breathing, you are lost. A quick stroke, multiplied into nervousness, undoes the whole strength in a few minutes; and whenever you are in for a long swim, bear in mind that you can only keep it up by striking with such deliberation as will not quicken the action of the lungs. You ought still to breathe as if you were sitting in an arm-chair.

It is a very good precaution to know beforehand the feel of immersion in clothes, and to be aware of the effect upon your power of progress. It is not difficult to support the body fully clothed, but the impediment to onward motion is enormous. Even the thinnest dress, such as a light jacket and trousers of calico, is a considerable clog. If you have to swim ashore in this condition, your first act ought to be to pull off your shoes, and as many other articles as will come off loosely. In getting off your coat, you might drown yourself by catching the arms half-way.

Another useful practice is carrying the clothes dry. The best way seems to be to make so large a bundle as will conveniently sit on the head, then return for the rest, where the distance allows. Weights may be also carried in one hand, or even on one foot out of the water, by lying on the back, and sculling, as it may be termed, by rapid featherings of the wrist. This is a very neat and fast way of swimming with the hands only. But neither foot nor hand can be kept long above the surface without great fatigue. The head is the natural porter, and in this case must be kept upright.

IRISH HOSPITALITY.—During the American war of 1812, a soldier who had been wounded and honorably discharged, being destitute and benighted, knocked at the door of an Irish farmer, when the following dialogue ensued:—Patrick—Who the devil are you, now? Soldier—My name is John Wilson. Patrick—And where the devil are you going from, John Wilson? Soldier—From the American army at Erie, sir. Patrick—And what do you want here? Soldier—I want shelter here to-night; will you permit me to spread my blanket on your floor, and sleep to-night? Patrick—Devil take me if I do, John Wilson. Soldier—On your kitchen floor, sir? Patrick—Not I, by the Hill o' Howth. Soldier—In your stable, then. Patrick—I'll be hanged if I do that either. Soldier—I'm dying with hunger, give me but a bone and crust; I ask no more. Patrick—Devil blow me if I do, sir. Soldier—Give me some water to quench my thirst, I beg of you. Patrick—Beg and be hanged, I'll do no such thing. Soldier—Sir, I have been fighting to secure the blessings which you enjoy, can you so inhospitably reject me from your home? Patrick—Reject you; who the devil talked about rejecting you? May be I am not the scurvy spalpeen you take me to be, John Wilson. You asked me to let you lie on my floor, my kitchen floor, or in my stable; now by the powers, d'ye think I'd let a perfect stranger do that when I have half a dozen soft beds in the house, all empty? No, by the Hill o' Howth, John, that I won't. In the second place, you told me you were dying with hunger, and wanted a bone and crust to eat; now, honey, d'ye think I'd feed a hungry man on bones and crusts, when my yard is full of fat pullets, and turkeys, and pigs. No, by the powers, not I, that's flat. In the third place, you asked me for some simple water, to quench your thirst; now as my water is none of the best, I never give it to a poor traveller without mixing it with plenty of wine, or something else wholesome and cooling. Come into my house, my honey, devil blow me but you shall sleep in the best feather bed I have; you shall have the best supper and breakfast that my farm can supply, which, thank Heaven, is none of the worst; you shall drink as much water as you choose, provided you mix it with plenty of good wine, and provided also you prefer it. Come in, my hearty, come in.

THE LAW VINDICATED.—Judge D—— was fond of card-playing, and occasionally indulged in the amusement. During the period he occupied a seat on the bench, the Legislature of Georgia passed very stringent laws to prevent gambling, and made it imperative on the judges to charge the grand juries, at the opening of each session of the court, to present all who were known as gamblers, etc. The judge had conformed to the requirements of the law, but none were presented, and gambling seemed to flourish as it ever had. On an occasion when the judge was on his circuit, and after his usual charge to the grand jury, and, as usual, no notice taken of the charge, Judge D—— ascertained there was a faro bank in successful operation in the very precincts of the court. The judge thought he would indulge his propensity for play, and visited the bank. He played, and was very successful, as was his wont; he won all the money, and broke up the establishment. After he had pocketed his winnings, and was about retiring, he perceived several of the grand jury in the room, who had likewise been engaged in the game. Judge D—— observed to them:

"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, the law requires me to do all in my power to suppress the vice of gambling. I have charged the grand juries upon the subject time after time, without any good effect. It was time for me to act, and see if I could not enforce the law. I have done so; and the most effectual way of doing it is to break the bank, which I have done to-night. I do not think these fellows will trouble the public for some time to come, and the law in me is vindicated. Gentlemen, I bid you good night."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—\$1.00 for six months; \$2.00 for one year. Club of four, \$7.00 per annum; club of eight, \$12.00 per annum; club of twelve, \$18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance.

Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Wednesday of each week. FRANK QUINN, PROPRIETOR, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE RING.

A DESIRE FOR ITS RESTORATION TO FORMER PROMINENCE.

THE indications are plentiful that any future contest for the pugilistic Championship of England, between well-matched and capable men, will be an event of great importance. Many reasons are to be assigned for this, among the most prominent of which is the conviction on the minds of the English people, that, with the decadence of the P. R., as a national institution, the physical courage and condition of the millions themselves have suffered in exact proportion. In support of such a belief, circumstances are certainly corroborative, and comparisons almost conclusive. As instances, there are the achievements of the British soldiery in the great war with the elder Napoleon, when the men who successfully coped with the picked troops of France were notoriously those with whom the exercise of the muscle at home had been a familiar thing; and as the companion picture of this, there are the achievements of the same British soldiery in the Crimean war, associated with the French as allies. The comparison is doubly suggestive—showing, as it does, the deteriorating influence of a system that decried the pugilistic art as a crime. Between the deeds of England's armies at Salamanca in 1812 and Sebastopol in 1855, what an immense gap! how unfavorable, too, the contrast presented on the latter occasion between the qualities of the hosts formerly arrayed against each other, the often conquered, then (at Sebastopol) proving itself the conqueror superlatively, although the conquest effected was necessarily a thing of twin claim.

These differences, humiliating to the people who are vitally concerned by them, have, as a matter of course, elicited considerable attention. Journalists have written about them, and the most acute have gone to the cause at once, and, like consistent men, pointed out a remedy against the spread of a huge evil. The people at large have endorsed their action and sentiments, so that for some time past, the prospect in England has been for a revival of the P. R., as it existed in the past generation. One special result has been inevitable—the desire to see what are called "good men" in the roped arena, and particularly in the case of *Champion fights for the competitors to be of the first class.* It was for this reason that the battle between John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers, on the 17th of April, 1860, elicited so much interest. There, it was, on one side, a man often tried and proved, and on the other, a man comparatively new to the vocation, but who had yet given implication of gladiatorial powers which, had justice been rendered to him, would have been formally acknowledged on the plain of Farnborough.

Since the passage of arms in that famous locality, there have been two fights for the English Championship, which, it is evident to us, have whetted the appetite of our friends on the other side of the water, for a third or fourth, or any other with characteristics worthy the occasion. The very want of those characteristics in the affairs of Hurst and Paddock, and Hurst and Mace, have urged on the sporting fraternity in England, the necessity and propriety of making better provisions for the future. In one of these affairs, they remember that it was a big novice (or, as they would call him, "yokel") and a thoroughly used up man who entered the arena. In the second affair, there was a little improvement, inasmuch as one of the combatants, at least, was a "good man." But, still, the deficiency of the other man is not forgotten, and suggests something really ridiculous in the connection.

This is not as things should be in regard to the P. R., in England especially, at a time like the present, when the institution has to be renewed or die out altogether. "Let us have men up to the mark in all our battles, and as emulators to the title of Champion none but first raters," is the demand of English sports, who straightway cast their eyes about for the fitting persons. So far as the Champion belt and its associated honors are regarded, they have their own Jem Mace, a "good man," it is true, while, in thinking of one whom they would like to see again, and to whom, we believe, they are now willing to do justice, the name of John C. Heenan rises to their lips. We have received many assurances that this is the case. Acts like those which disgraced the Farnborough fight, last year, are, from their fragility, seldom repeated, all but their immediate perpetrators or agents become ashamed of them, and are anxious to obliterate their memory, as far as possible, by an opposite deed of justice. It is in view of these considerations, that we can well comprehend the wish among the better order of English people, for a second visit from our countryman, Heenan; and at the same moment, anticipate from such a visit more interest on both sides of the Atlantic than even attended his visit of the past year.

As in 1851, the English people are now preparing for a grand exhibition of international genius, skill, and industry. The Crystal Palace of ten years ago was a marvel in its way, as remarkable for its display of American superiority in many things, as from any other cause. Doubtless, the Crystal Palace of the coming exhibition will also add to the honors of our country. Meanwhile, it is not unreasonable to surmise the probability, that, about the same date, England may be the scene of a display in which the American element enters largely—in other words, that John C. Heenan and the English Champion (whoever he may be at the time) may be the active illustrators of a science tending to the benefit of the community, and the contestants, for the noblest gift annexed to eminent achievement in the name.

Let us watch the course of events in this connection, and as they arise, record them.

DOUBTFUL.—The man who walks a thousand miles in a thousand hours, is more generally admired than he who walks recklessly through three score years and ten. If the individual performer, through the latter feat of his walking fair heel and toe, we seriously doubt whether the above quotation may be considered a truism. We must be pardoned if we doubt it ever having been thoroughly accomplished, however. Seventy years is a long journey. Capt. Barclay came never doing both feats than any man we know of, but he had to be drummed up considerably in performing even the first.

JUVENILE COURAGE.—A lad of about ten years of age fell from the upper deck of a steamer, while in motion, at Detroit, Mich., on the 7th inst., and disappeared beneath the surface. The boat was stopped, and efforts were about being made to rescue the little fellow, when he made his appearance. "Treading" with his feet and yelling "don't be anxious about me," he struck out for the dock, and after swimming about a quarter of a mile, landed safe and sound. He shook himself like a water spaniel, and starting on a fresh run, was soon on board the boat he had left so unceremoniously, and which had by that time just reached the dock.

BEAR CAUGHT.—A large black bear was killed recently, at Liberty Village, N. Y. He was discovered in a small piece of woods, and being surrounded, took refuge in the top of a tall hemlock, from which he was forced to retire by a violent storm of bullets. On reaching terra firma, he at once gave battle to his pursuers, and a sharp contest took place, which was only ended by an unconditional surrender on the part of the bear. He weighed over 200 lbs., dressed.

ENCOURAGING.—A Mormon lady, of the pretty name of Agnes Ophiant, writes to encourage the Unionists, telling them that while they are engaged in killing people during the war, the Mormons will continue to produce them. Agnes is a niece of the redoubtable Brigham, and is resolved to perform her part, with a vengeance, in the family's "mission."

"MAMA RUN"—One of the slaves at Newport News, on being questioned as to whether he had run away from his master replied, "No, golly, Mama run away from me! When he see the soldiers comin' he run like de debil, I spec' he's gone to Richmond."

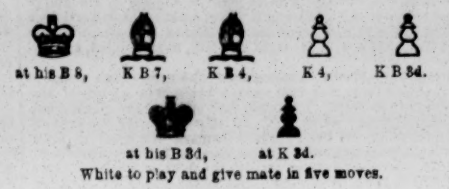
HARRIS CORPUS NOT SUSPENDED.—At a colored ball the following notice was posted on the door posts:—"Tickets 50 cents. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 286.

From Bell's Life.

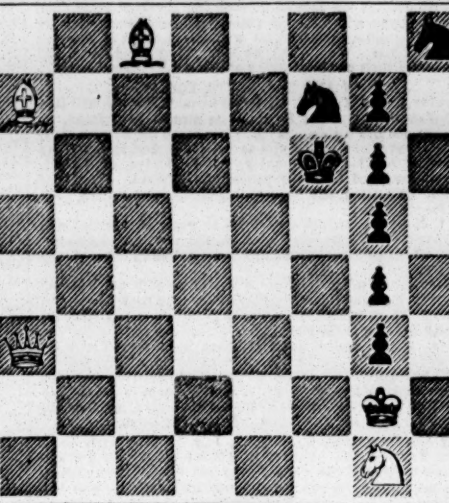
BY J. G. SCHULTZ.



PROBLEM No. 286.

BY P. RICHARDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in seven moves.

GAME No. 286.

Between our contributor W. S. Wheelwright, Esq., and C. O'Connell, Esq.; White giving the odds of Q & K.

MUZZO GAMBIT.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
1. P to K4	P to K4	14. Q to K3	K to B3
2. P to K4	P to K4	15. Q to K3	K to B3
3. K to B3	P to K4	16. Q to K3	K to B3
4. K to B3	P to K4	17. K to Kt	K to Kt
5. Castles	K to P4	18. Q to K3	K to Kt
6. Q to B3	P to K4	19. Q to K3	K to Kt
7. P to K5	P to K4	20. Q to K3	K to Kt
8. P to K5	P to K4	21. Q to K3	K to Kt
9. Q to B3	P to K4	22. Q to K3	K to Kt
10. K to B3	P to K4	23. K to B2	K to Kt
11. Q to B3	P to K4	24. Q to K3	K to Kt
12. K to B3	P to K4	25. P to K4	K to Kt
13. Q to B3	P to K4	26. P to K4	K to Kt

A remarkably entertaining little game between Herr Kolisch (giving Q & K and the move) and Mr. Masullo.—Bell's Life.

KING'S KNIGHT'S DEFENCE.

Masullo.	Kolisch.	Masullo.	Kolisch.
1. P to K4	P to K4	10. Q to K2	K to Kt
2. K to B3	P to K4	11. Castles	K to Kt
3. Q to B3	P to K4	12. Q to K2	K to Kt
4. P to K5	P to K4	13. P to K3	P to K3
5. K to B3	P to K4	14. P to K3	P to K3
6. P to K4	P to K4	15. K to Kt	K to Kt
7. Q to B3	P to K4	16. Q to K2	K to Kt
8. K to B3	P to K4	17. Q to K2	K to Kt
9. K to B3	P to K4	18. P to K3	P to K3

(c) Here commences, most unexpectedly, a series of very brilliant moves on the part of Herr K. We call the serious attention of our readers to what follows. We do not know, in fact, anything more beautiful in chess than this termination.

(d) Threatening mate by taking the Queen.

(e) Excellent! this forces the game, whether the Attack take Queen or not. Let us suppose—

17. Q to K2 (1) Q to B3 19. K to Kt6+ K to Q2

18. P to QP Q to R4 20. Kt to R P to Kt6, and mate follows.

(1) Q to Kt leads to his even speedier ruin.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—THE SECOND EDITION NEW EDITION.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, sent by mail to all parts of the U. S. Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUINN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

YENDES, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Another of your positions appears this week, which was forwarded in Feb. last. Although the "general idea" is not new, it is still ingenious, and will, no doubt, please our young players, for whose benefit we give it space. We like the tone of your communications, and shall be pleased to hear from you at your convenience.

O. T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Anything in the line of Positions, eh? We have corrected the error in your last move, which Mr. Knight will probably observe.

H. SPATIN, Buffalo, N. Y.—Single Corner received. Thanks.

GAME No. 15.—VOL. IX.

From the Am. Draught Player.

SINGLE CORNER.—BY JAS. ASH.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 11 to 15	22 to 18	13. 15 to 19	23 to 16
2. 15 to 22	25 to 19	14. 12 to 19	22 to 18
3. 8 to 11	29 to 25	15. 19 to 23	17 to 13
4. 4 to 8	24 to 20	16. 6 to 10	27 to 24
5. 12 to 16	28 to 24	17. 10 to 17	21 to 14
6. 19 to 15	26 to 22	18. 2 to 6	24 to 19
7. 9 to 14	18 to 9	19. 6 to 10	14 to 9
8. 5 to 14	22 to 17	20. 23 to 26	31 to 22
9. 14 to 18	23 to 14	21. 10 to 15	19 to 10
10. 16 to 19	30 to 26	22. 7 to 23	22 to 18
11. 19 to 28	26 to 23	23. 23 to 26	18 to 14
12. 8 to 12	25 to 22	24. 26 to 31	Drawn.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 14.—VOL. IX.

BY "YENDES."

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 8 to 3	2 to 9	6. 26 to 23	8 to 11
2. 27 to 31	13 to 17	7. 23 to 19	11 to 7
3. 31 to 24	28 to 19	8. 19 to 15	7 to 2
4. 3 to 7	9 to 18	9. 16 to 10	5 to 9
5. 7 to 14	4 to 8	10. 14 to 5	and wins.

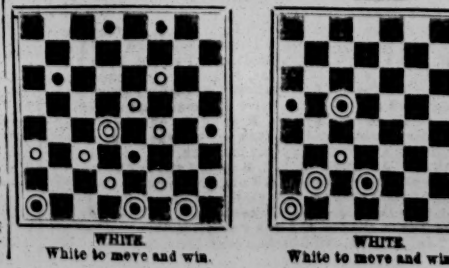
SOLUTION OF STURGES' 334 POSITION.

Black.	White.
1. 8 to 3	12 to 17
2. 17 to 13	and soon afterwards Black "calls in."

POSITION.

BY "YENDES."

[An "old friend in a new dress"]



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

Black—Acceptance.	White—By-Bye.
5. 8 to 14	17 to 13
6. 14 to 10	29 to 25
7. 10 to 16	25 to 22
8. 16 to 12	22 to 18
9. 12 to 16	18 to 14
10. 16 to 12	14 to 10
11. 12 to 16	10 to 6
12. 16 to 12	6 to 2
13. 12 to 16	2 to 1
14. 16 to 12	1 to 1

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY COL. T. ALLISTON BROWN.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

WILLIAM EVANS BURTON.

Born in London, September, 1802. Died in New-York, Feb. 10, 1860.

Mr. Burton, who received his education in that eminent seminary, St. Paul's School, London, was brought up to the business of a printer, the calling of his father, who he followed, what he did, and how he did it, he never forgot. In 1815, W. E. Burton lost his father, and continued to conduct the business for some time. His social nature led him into the company of actors, and, when he was twenty-three years old, he became a member of an amateur company which used to play at a pretty little theatre in Catherine street, Strand, which was located in a house between the two great licensed theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Like nearly every comic actor whom we have known, Mr. Burton's first essays were in tragedy; his first character of any importance (and he had to pay fifty dollars for permission to appear in it) was Hamlet. This was towards the close of 1827. Early in the following year, he played a few nights at Windsor Theatre, and is said to have had that "rascallest, sweetest young prince," George the Fourth and Fat, among his audience, on one occasion. This, on this, however, is apocryphal.

In 1830 Burton gave up business, which he had kept up mainly upon his mother's account, and regularly entered the profession as a member of the Norwich company. Here he discovered that he should wear the sock rather than the buskin. He took the low-comedy line, and was at once successful. With education and some money, he speedily became theatrical manager, his circuit including the leading cities of the Kingdom, as well as of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge. At the latter place, at the seat of a University, Burton's scholarship brought him into the best society. At one time, in Cambridge, he managed the theatre, edited a weekly newspaper, and wrote the greater portion of a periodical which he established, called the *Cambridge Quarterly Review*.

In the fall of 1831 Burton appeared before a London audience, at the Pavilion Theatre, as Woodstock in "The Lottery Ticket." He subsequently played at the Haymarket Theatre with success, during the temporary retirement of Liston; but this great farceur, annoyed at the idea of being played out of memory by a mere "boy" from the country, returned to the stage, and Burton had to go back to his Norwich management. At the time of Burton's performance in London, a famous low comedian, named John Reeve, was extremely attractive at the Adelphi Theatre. It happened, also, that in the Haymarket Theatre, with success, during the temporary retirement of Liston; but this great farceur, annoyed at the idea of being played out of memory by a mere "boy" from the country, returned to the stage, and Burton had to go back to his Norwich management. At the time of Burton's performance in London, a famous low comedian, named John Reeve, was extremely attractive at the Adelphi Theatre. 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FUN is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh while we can.

Count Walewski, the French Minister of State, having control of the theatres, has written a letter to the editor of the *Economist*.

rars, urging him to pay a little more attention to the works of the old standard dramatists of the country, and at the same time, to give all possible encouragement to the endeavors of living talent.

Another French actor of eminence has recently appeared in London. He is named Jules Samson, and he seems to have a pretty wide range of characters, including tragedy, comedy, and melodrama.

Mr Benjamin Webster, lessee of the Adelphi Theatre, London recently announced the two hundred and thirty first (and last for the present) representation of "Colleen Bawn" - Mr W. "regrets" the unavoidable suspension of the performance - with good reason it may be thought, if his profits in connection with it have been what it is said they have been.

Mr. John S. Luko, for many years a well known professional in New York, announces his authorship of a burlesque on "Colleen Bawn," which he is anxious to dispose of on good terms. Mr. Luko's present attached to the Soto Theatre, London.

Mr. May, advertising in some of the English newspapers, is committing a sentimental bit of humor, by expressing his desire for "several good actors to purchase stage dresses" of which he is the manufacturer. From this, we should be inclined to infer that the actors named are not good out of Mr. M.'s sham silks and velvets.

Last week, a large posting bill announced the opening of Pike's

—but of what precise nature, it did not transpire.

Among the recent historical deaths in England, is that of Mr. Harry Hartley. This gentleman was long known as a local comedian, but latterly had kept the Golden Lion Hotel at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he had been transferred only a short time prior to his decease, to the goods department of a railroad.

The Commissioners for the Universal Exhibition in London, in 1882, had written to Aubrey, Mercebeer, and Russell, on the subject of

Italy, on the above occasion, and composed respectively by the parties applied to. The only reply which had been received was from Rossini, who declined the task, on the plea that he no longer belonged to the musical world.

Mr. and Mrs. Buracchini were about to take a tour throughout Switzerland, for the purpose of recruiting their health, which, it was stated, had been much impaired by their London labors.

As there were said to be "six R chmonds" in the field for the worth, all in harness against King Richard, it seems there is likely to be more than six Bondinis on the rope, with the original Oton of these (a Professor G V Jones) recently carried a man on his

back, a long rope, at an altitude of eighty feet from the ground, and in the neighborhood of an English tower; and another, rejoicing in the high sounding name of D'Alberville, was announced to appear at Woolwich, near London, on the 8th inst., on a cable 1000 feet long, and 150 high.

Rollin Howard, the female personator and burlesque prima donna, commences an engagement with the Morris Brothers' Foll & Troupe, at Bridge Minstrel's, of Boston, next week.

The fifth annual series of Promenade Concerts, at Musical Hall, Boston, under Mr. Gilmore's direction, commenced on the evening of

The 20th inst., the best black and red minstrel team are a gaggle of white men who have been organized by one of this one will prove of great satisfaction to the people of the "Hub."

C. Dillon, the tragedian, from London, performed at the Montpelier Theatre, on five nights, commencing on the 13th inst. as Belshazzar in the drama of that name.

A negro minstrel company, under the style of "The Celebrated Jim Crow Nut-Crackers" performed at Montreal, last week. The troupe is spoken of as clever and original.

On the 16th inst. the celebrated comedian, J. H. P. appeared again, under a different management, on the 16th of September. Several members of the old company have been re-engaged.

hear. The latest attractions were the Webb Sisters, who were preceded by Mr. Coudlack and others.

Mr. B. R. Maginley, stage manager at the Academy of Music Milwaukee, entered into an engagement last week with Fannie Tompson a Christy Minstrel.

During his residence in London, Bondie, it seems, has realized the destiny of most celebrated men, in having his choicest feat called into question. On one side, it is said they are old and bowed; on the other, it is alleged with equal confidence, that they are vulgar. In both connections, Mr. John Milton Hengler, who

will be remembered, did a little in the rope-dancing business New York, a few years ago. has something to say, both against Bordin and for himself. With a rare unct on, Mr. Hengler insists on his own former acts of playing on the fiddle and the drum the rope, but does not add that even he was the successor of others in the achievements. He also has a fling at "Yackee Puffers," a grateful of his own whole-sale puffing of himself and family, none whom he has the temerity to say ever walked over Niagara. Would it not be as well for Mr. John Milton Hengler to try his hand more properly feet, at that?

There seems to be a growing taste for theatricals in India, and performances by the military in garrison as well as by professional companies are numerous. In Calcutta the theatre is a popular resort, and the desire for novelty very general. In view of this, arrangements have been made for the appearance of a first class ballet company. Mr. James Hernandez, the celebrated equestrian, had arrived in the city and was to commence an engagement at an early date. At Allahabad the theatre was recently opened with "Wilks and Dinah," as also were the theatres at Cawpoor, Shahjhanpore, Cansamoor, and Simla. The last named is an out of the way place

The Belter Campbell Minstrels and Combined Orchestra and Company Band entered on their fourth week at Smith and Nixon's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 15th inst.; the company consisting of J. W. Powell, waiter, John T. Bryce, S. S. Purdy, J. B. Murphy, E. D. Gooding, S. Spring, George Wallace, T. Warwick, Carl Belter, E. H. Depper, Osterman, Fred Sporer, J. Mairs, Ned Forsythe, and M. Parker. A new Union song had been given by this company, concluding the program annexed.

The show business in St. Louis is in a very bad condition, Carterbury being the only place now open, and that doing only a few business. Meers, Geo. Winslow and J. W. Andrews, European performers at the above, have "scooted" on account of a position to cut down their salaries to just one half their usual amount. Miss Clara Dix has also left, and with the former

Wambold's Great Circus performed at Montreal, a short distance, for six nights. "Small returns" is the report.

Our pleasant correspondent, "Squibb," writing from St. Paul, Minn., thus secures a matter which have come under his notice:—St. Paul, Minn., July 16, 1861—FRIEND QUEREN—You have to set me down as one of your "traveler correspond-

For my letter come from all sorts of places. Last week from Waukeg, and now from the beautiful "City of the Rocks," being so lately at the former place, I will give you a few items that first. The Academy of Music, since the first of the month, has been in the hands of the stock company, who succeeded after their first week in getting a surprise, in the shape of a week's salary. Conduck was their first "star," and he proved a god-send. John Duck was not so remunerative with the Webb Sisters, who closed a losing (to the stock) week's bit, on Saturday 13th..... John Duck has gone up Lake Superior with the Webb Sisters, to give Dr.

Room Entertainments..... Now for St. Paul. There have been few performances of any kind here for the last year, but from pre-appearances, there will be no lack of amusements for some time to come. Kane's Arctic Panorama has been here since the 5th of March, and leaves to-night for Minneapolis..... The citizens of St. Paul have rich treats in store for them, in the shape of a series of concert operas, given by Mr. Peter Richings and daughter, who have been induced to come here by Mr. Philip Rohr, a citizen of the town. The leader of the musical portion of the inhabitants. Their first concert, given last evening, (15th) was successful. As this meant be-

to be a source of pleasure, as well as profit, there will be but a few performances given per week. They will remain in this part of the country for some weeks, giving a few concerts at Minneapolis, Duluth, Water, and St. Anthony. On Wednesday we are to have a performance of the opera of "Norma," on which occasion they will be assisted by the Freier Männer Chor, a German musical association of considerable ability. By the help of this troupe, the Richwits will be enabled to produce many beautiful operas.....G. W. De Haven's Grand Circus, will show here two days, Saturday and Monday, 20th and 22nd; and the R. Sande's Grand Minstrelsy (there is a word for

Died, on the 17th inst., at Hampton Grove, Warren Co., Ohio, at the residence of his son James E. Murdoch, Thomas Murdoch, Sr., in the 75th year of his age.

benefit is given at one of the theatres, but, beyond this, nothing is doing. A few concert saloons are still in operation, but they make more expenses than profits. The proposed new theatre on Chestnut street remains *in statu quo*, no one having been willing to give the speculation a boost. It is still rumored that Mr. Wheatley will take hold of the lot, and erect a theatre worthy of the Broadway of Philadelphia. The Walnut and Arch Theatres will open early in September.

Another proposed writing for John B. Watson, Md., under date of 19th inst., shows that the theatre is still in the hands of the little

way of amusement is going on in the city at this time. Holiday Street Theatre opened for a few nights under Mr. Crowley, but although S. M. W. Glenn was one of their attractions, the project failed, and the theatre was prosecuted. . . . The Front Street Theatre is closed, fast as a cat, and indeed we should be entirely without any source of amusements were it not for the proprietor and manager Continental Opera House, Mr. Wm. Ellinger. This establishment, the whole field, has been doing very good business. Ellinger's attractions, however, are not of a high order.

highly acceptable character. In his company is that well and popular tenor singer, Mr. Thomas Fricker, formerly of York. Miss Martineau, a young lady of talent, and peculiar and fresh soprano voice, is also a favorite with our public. Mrs. Backus, a good singer and a beautiful woman, is

[illegible]

ALL RIGHT.—Send stamp to Box 675, Milan, O and receive by return mail something that will please you.

sparring school there, which it is to be hoped will prove success-

ALL RIGHT.—Send stamp to Box 675, Milan, O and receive by return mail something that will please you.

10

ts. 'twos, and singles.

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SCOTTISH SONG.

Oh, fare thee weel, my bonnie lass,
Oh, fare thee weel, my dearie,
The hour has come and I must gang,
Though I were never so weary.
The pipes are playing loud and shrill,
The banners proudly flying,
And many a weeping eye, I ween,
The pensive gaze is seeing.

My trusty sword I've girded on,
In Freedom's cause to wield it,
And till the cause of Freedom's won,
Again I never shall yield it.
But when the bloody war is o'er,
And peace returns a cheery,
Then faithful to my plighted vows,
I'll fly to thee, my dearie.

Alas! thy bonnie, bonnie e'en
Are bleared with bitter weeping;
Why weep when joy is store for us,
Which time is safely keeping?
Let doubt and care be far awa',
And hope and trust forever;
The aching heart and tearful e'e
May win these pleasures never.

It is the pibroch's martial note
The lark's notes are tramping,
The mount's two squadrons rank along,
The steed his bit is clamping;
I go to join my country's ranks,
But in my heart, my dearie,
I cherish still the pleasing hope
To meet again a cheery.

A PANTHER STORY.

BY A GUIDE.

A boding awakened by the savage surroundings of the cruel prowlers yet haunting their old caves suggested the above topic. The guide described the cry of the panther as a sound that could shake the stoutest heart; sometimes the piercing, rending cry of baffled rage, at others a prolonged, deceitful wail, as of a woman lost in the woods. An adventure of Cheny, the fearless Nimrod of Adirondack, with one of these insidious, pitiless denizens of the forest, as related to the party by Tony, is worth repeating. Many of the secluded lakes in this region are frequented by the otter. It is betimes a frolicsome creature, and has a curious practice of "sliding." It chooses a deep declivity ending in the water or upon the ice, and there they are wont to enjoy the diverting "slides" for hours together.

Early one winter morning, Cheny visited the "slide," but lo! a stealthy hunter of the otter had anticipated him, for there, in the snow, was the broad track of the panther. The lesser game was instantly forgotten in the tingling excitement of a dangerous chase. At once he hurried back for his stout old hound, returned, and before noon was alone upon the track. The boldest hunter will own that there is more peril than pastime in this chase, for the alert foe is certain to very soon scent the pursuit, when it has a habit of taking to the trees, casting its trail, and waiting for its pursuer at advantage. The panther's spring has become a proverb of quickness, and against its agile and wonderful strength, at close quarters, a weapon is of little avail. But this once, its craft was opposed to a sagacity never hoodwinked, a vigilance never surprised. The hound was trained in many a chase, and as well aware as his master of the character of the foe before them. Cheny held his trusty condutor in check, keeping him steadily only a few rods in advance, never allowing him out of sight, and at a moderate pace pushed on. Two or three hours of tardy, patient tracking wore on; not a bush, tree, or rock escaped the hunter's jealous scrutiny. Yet he relied mainly upon the acute instinct of the dog to apprise him of the proximity of the panther; and the noble hound this day proved, for the thousandth time, that his master's trust was well placed; for behold! the noble animal began to test the laden air with prolonged sniffs, to hesitate with fore-foot lifted, to look backward, and bespeak his master's attention with low whinnings. These actions signaled the vicinity of the panther. Scouting its pursuers, the crafty animal had, as its habit is, stopped and taken cover. Now all the hunter's nerve and circumspection was put to the keenest tension; a rod further, and he might be under the eye of the hidden panther, and instantly be faced by its overwhelming spring. Besides, the hunter being in motion, and the foe in cover, the latter possessed a dangerous advantage in point of discovery. The aching suspense of such a moment must have been almost intolerable. At this moment a timid hunter would have given his ear to the suggestions of prudence, or of that fear which sometimes bears such a name, and quietly "backed out." As for Cheny, this harrowing suspense only strung to sharper tension, nerves of tried steel.

By this time, the hound, with back bristling, and uttering low moans, came back to his master's feet; no urging could force him to move on a single foot without his master. Cheny was sure that at that instant he could not be a dozen rods from the panther; indeed, he was certain that the crowded jam of hemlock before him was the cover. The hunter felt at that instant that the ferocious beast was only watching to catch him clear from the shelter of the protecting trees to make a spring. The hunter felt himself sheltered behind his stronghold—an enormous hemlock—and coolly made ready for the final scene of the lonely but terribly exciting drama. He planted his hatchet in the snow, freshly capped his weapon, and got a second charge of powder and lead ready to hand. Now, all ready, he begins to search inch by inch, and foot by foot, the dense mass of hemlock beyond. He knows his feline fellow-actor is there. Yet so perfectly was the panther hidden, that for a torturing half-hour the hunter strained his eyes in vain. Suddenly a quick whine from the hound hugging his feet startled him: following the dog's rivetted gaze a moment, lo! the dim outline of the savage by slow, blood chilling degrees, grows upon the hunter's view, developing, as it were, into shape from the dense mass of hemlock spray. The panther was hugging close to a giant limb in the fork of a tree, scarcely a hundred feet distant. It was motionless, save its yellow eyes, which now began to scintillate like sparks of fire. It was not a moment for hesitation. The hunter took a single stride from his shelter, caught a rapid sight, and with the quickness of thought fired. The ball meant for the creature's head only broke his shoulder. The smoke of the discharge had not yet risen; the panther's curdling scream of pain had scarcely riven the forest stillness before Cheny was sheltered and ready to try again.

Until the panther can get an unobstructed sight, it will hardly ever spring. But the wounded animal was emitting piercing cries, and its powerful tail was rapidly lashing its flanks. Again the hunter stepped out; it was but a moment's glance, but he saw the flaming eyes, the stretched and foam dripping jaws, the ivory-white claws that rivetted themselves into the great branch upon which the panther yet lay. The rifle-ball was quicker than the panther's spring, for just as it sailed back upon its haunches for the bound, the missile, this time true, smote it fairly between the eyes. The shot was instantly fatal; its steel-sprung limbs relaxing, and the keen claws loosening their grip in the wood where they had been half-buried, the panther fell crashing through the branches at the hunter's feet, dead.

THE KIND OF NETS.—"You can't do anything with them Southern fellows," the old gentleman at the head of the table was saying. If they get whipped they'll retreat into their Southern swamps and bayous, along with the fishes and crocodiles. You haven't got the fish nets made that'll catch 'em."

"Look here, old gentleman!" screamed a fiery little fellow at the foot of the table. "We've got just the nets for traitors, in the bayous or anywhere."

"H-y? what nets?"

"Bayonet nets," and the little fellow pointed his joke with a fork, spearing a fishball savagely.

SURGERY OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

When a march is about to be ordered, the surgeon of the detachment who are to go, is notified of the number of men, and immediately makes his requisition for supplies, medicines, lint, bandages, ligatures, sponges, etc. Ligatures are supplied with medicines.

In this country, the medical stores are kept in the baggage wagon following in the train. Elsewhere, the manner of keeping them varies. The surgeon himself has on him what he can carry with ease upon his person, a simple dressing, a pocket case of instruments, and always a canteen of wine or liquor.

FIELD HOSPITALS.—On the field, a field hospital is established by the surgeon. With us this is generally a hospital tent, but if practicable, a building is used—a barn, if nothing better can be procured. Often the dressing is carried on in the open air. The subordinate surgeons adhere to their regiments, and the others are stationed on the field or at the hospital.

The wounded are conveyed to the hospital, the road to which is marked by red flags, yellow being the kind formerly used. The surgeons remain in the rear, and have the use of the musicians and the hospital assistants. In our army one of the soldiers in each company carries a knapsack containing surgical instruments. In the British service a mule carries two large knapsacks on either side, and a set of boxes with drawers, which may be used as a dressing table. In the French service, ambulances or spring wagons, introduced by Percy, and improved by Larry, are made use of. It is the duty of the surgeon, or the quartermaster, to select the site for the hospital, to which the wounded are conveyed.

EFFECT OF WOUNDS.—The first effect of a wound is what is called the "shock." A trifling wound will suffice to produce a severe shock, the soldiers falling, growing pale, cold, and perspiration hardly perceptible. Nor has this effect any connection with the physical courage of the person. The remedy for this "shock" is found by giving stimulants, at once.

Often it happens that the wounded are obliged to be left on the field for three or four days without their wounds being dressed in any way. In such cases it becomes the surgeon's duty to seek them out for his aid. These often do better than those brought into the hospital. At the battle of Solferino, 12,000 wounded soldiers, wounded about the head and shoulders, walked to the hospitals.

The largest estimate that need ever be made for the disabled and killed of an army, is three per cent, while in camp, five per cent, while on march, and ten per cent, in battle. It is hard to understand how, with all the improved implements of war, and the drill and discipline of troops, more are not killed in battle. But so it is, and when a certain per centage have been killed, the battle is ended. No two bodies of men ever rush against each other and cross their bayonets. Bayonet wounds occur after battle, and in pursuit.

OUT-DOOR EXERCISE.

We, as a nation, are known all over the world as a raw-boned, cadaverous, stoop-shouldered, nervous set of mortals, bolting our victuals, sleeping with an eye open for a trade, frowning down all attempt at recreation, because we "have no time to throw away in amusement." "Business must be attended to." This, we are sorry to say, is only too true; the majority of Americans accomplish nothing more than to sleep, eat, and work—eat, and sleep—and all done in a hurry, consequently neither one of these very important conduces to life is well done. We devote time enough, certainly, to labor, but we try to accomplish too much in the time. Our meals are hurried through with in such a style that it is impossible to masticate or digest our food. We tumble into bed in a hurry, when we cannot possibly devote another minute to labor, and we turn out in the morning in such a hurry that there is no time to pass the common civilities of the morning with the members of the family. And we are equally in a hurry in our religious duties. An American rushes out of bed on Sunday morning, bolts his breakfast, and rushes to church. Seated there, he is in a fidget till he gets started back to his home, and bolts a mess of sweet cake, pie, etc., and rushes back to church, only to be in a hurry home again to attend to some other religious duty. Church three times, and Sunday School once, with perhaps a Missionary meeting to fill up the interval, imposes such a load of labor, mental and physical, that to perform it, a man must necessarily become a Sabbath-breaker. This is no fancy sketch; there is nothing overdrawn, and any man who criticizes his own daily life must acknowledge it. We are impelled to these observations by the fact, that the season is with us when the inhabitants of every country on the globe, except our own, are endeavoring to recuperate their energies, and lay in a fresh stock of health, by engaging in those out-door exercises which tend to their physical development and strength, and consequently to mental activity and vigor. True, we have our Base Ball clubs, our Cricket clubs, Boat clubs, etc., but they are mostly composed of citizens of foreign birth, who have not been perverted from their home training by the American business life. Why should not our bankers, tradesmen, artisans, and working men have charity enough for themselves, and regard enough for their offspring, to imitate their English cousins in this particular? Do, gentlemen, for heaven's sake, get your noses off the grindstone; at least once a week, get out in the fields, and stretch your arms and legs; get the dust off your brains, and the rust off your consciences, and you will be doing yourselves, your children, and your country a lasting good, and will make just as much money in the end.

A COOL FIDDLER.—A Southern paper relates the snagging of a steamboat, with the owner on board, who was very fond of playing the violin. The captain, pilot, and engineer, were in the cabin playing cards one day, when her bow struck a snag with a force that knocked a hole in her as big as a hoghead. The shock upset the faro bank and those who were gathered around it, and caused a general confusion and consternation among all except the owner, who having righted himself in his chair, recommenced his tune where he left off, and went on as though nothing had happened.

"She's sinking," shouted an Arkansas man dressed in a hickory bark coat, who was making his way out of the cabin with a pair of saddle bags on his arm. "Tomahawk me if she ain't sinking, sure."

The owner heard it, but fiddled away as unconcerned as Nero at the burning of Rome.

"Three feet of water in the hold! Run, Old Buzzard, ashore if you can," shouted the captain. The startling words reached the ear of the owner, but he continued to saw away.

The passengers ran to him, and bawled out:—"Do you know the boat is snagged?"

"I suspected something of the kind," coolly answered the owner, as he laid his left ear upon the violin, *à la* Ole Bull, and appeared perfectly enchanted with his own strains.

"She'll be lost in five minutes," continued the passengers.

"She's been a losing concern this five years," replied the owner, as he drew most execrable tones from his fiddle.

"I can feel her settle," said a passenger.

"I wish she would settle with me for what I've lost by her, before she goes down," was the owner's reply, as his right hand moved backward and forward over the fiddle.

"But why don't you speak to the captain, and give him orders what to do in the emergency?" asked the good-natured passengers.

"Interfering with the officers of this boat is a very delicate matter," meekly remarked the owner, as he still sawed away.

The boat careened over, and the next moment the cabin was half-full of water.

The Buzzard, together with her cargo and machinery,

proved a total loss. The officers, crew, and passengers, saved themselves by means of a yawl; the owner swam ashore with his fiddle under his right arm and the bow in his mouth. No insurance.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE IN PLAYING BILLIARDS.—In one of the principal billiard saloons, at Albany, N. Y., quite an amusing scene occurred. A stranger entered, and after a few moments approached a *coterie*, who were engaged in conversation, and with gentlemanly address remarked:—"I should much like to play a game or two; do any of you gentlemen desire to play?" One and another expressed a disinclination, until one said, "there is Mr. —; he will play, I guess." The person referred to, who was engaged in conversation with another a few feet distant, upon being called by name, turned about, when the stranger said:—"Sir, I have a few moments leisure and should be pleased to play you a game or two." "With all my heart," replied the other, who is one of those very dignified, precise, and punctilious men so often met in the class known as "shabby genteel." The table was prepared, and at it they went, the stranger leading off with a run of six or eight. Mr. — then essayed to make a shot. His careful precaution and attractive position drew the attention of the other; but in the effort to hit the ball, he struck it so much on the side that it went off at a tangent, directly across the table. Presuming it an accident, the stranger took his right of way and made another small run. Again did Mr. — attempt to make a shot, but with the very same success as before. Delicacy prevented the stranger from saying anything, and so he continued his game until he failed to make a count, when Mr. — again, and with great deliberation, made an attempt to hit one of the ivory spheres. But this time, though he threw considerable muscular force into the effort, he met with a greater accident than before, for he did not hit the ball at all. Those sitting about saw the *four pas* of Mr. —, and irresistibly laughed outright.

The stranger was of course, considerably embarrassed, and so he said, good-humoredly:—"I believe it is the first principle of the game of billiards to hit your ball, sir."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. —, straightening himself up and speaking with emphasis and deliberation. "I beg your pardon, sir; I entirely differ with you; sir; and always shall, sir. Let me say to you that the first principle of the game is to see your ball, sir!" Mr. — was blind drunk!

GEORGE III. AND HIS WINE MERCHANT.—Mr. Carbonell, the wine-merchant, was a favorite with George III., and used to be admitted to the royal courts. Returning one day from the chase, his majesty affably entered into conversation with his wine merchant, and rode a considerable way *à la-ale* with him. Lord Walsingham was in attendance, and watching an opportunity, took Mr. Carbonell aside, and whispered to him. "What's that?" "What's that?" said the King, "Walsingham has been saying to you?" "Please you, sir, I find I have been guilty of unintentional disrespect; my lord has just informed me that I ought to have taken off my hat whenever I addressed your Majesty; but your Majesty will please to observe, that whenever I hunt, my hat is fastened to my wig, and my wig is tied to my head, and I am riding a very high-spirited horse; so that if any thing goes off, we must all go off together." The King laughed heartily at this whimsical apology, which he good-naturedly accepted, and continued to chat with his wine merchant, without endangering his falling from his horse.

NEBIAI DRAUGHTS.—A favorite pastime of the Negro Arabs in Nubia, and which is also known among the Arabs of Upper Egypt, is the *syndee*, a kind of draughts. It is played upon sandy ground, on which they trace with the fingers, chequers of forty-nine squares. The pieces with which they play are, on one side, round balls of camels' dung, picked up in the streets; and on the other, similar pieces of goats' dung. It is an intricate game, and requires great attention; the object is to take all the antagonist's pieces, but the rules are very different from those of the Polish draughts. The people are uncommonly fond of this game; two persons seldom sitting down together, without immediately beginning to draw squares in the sand. The Mek himself will play with the lowest slave, if the latter is reputed a good player; and it is remarkable, that if a by-stander assists one of the party, it gives no offence to the other.

AGES OF THE GENERALS.—Lieut. General Scott is seventy-five years old; Gen. Wool is 73; Harney, 65; Mansfield, 60; Totten (head of the Engineer corps), 60; Thayer (Engineer), 80; Craig (head of the Ordnance), 70; Sumner, 65; Larned (Paymaster-General), 70; Gibson, Commissary General; Churchill, Inspector General; and Thomas, Adjutant General, are all old men, having entered the army in the beginning of the present century. Gibson in 1808, and Churchill in 1812. Gen. McClellan is not yet 35; Gen. Fremont is under 48; Gen. Lyon is about 44; Gen. Butler is 43; and Gen. Banks is 44; Gen. McDowell is about 40.

A "QUEER CUSTOMER"—WHO IS MAD?—Nepoleon Edwards, who stood remanded on a charge of having assaulted a man with a pair of "knuckle-dusters," (a formidable spiked ring worn over the hand) was brought before Mr. Henry, at the Bow Street Police-court, London, for further examination. The prisoner had been remanded to the workhouse, in order that the medical officer of St. Giles' St. Bennett, might ascertain if the defendant was perfectly sane. Accordingly Mr. Bennett was now in attendance, and he stated that he had no doubt the prisoner's mind was affected, and that he would be dangerous if not placed under restraint, being a very violent man. He claimed to be the inventor of a war gun. The prisoner (who had said his real name was Edward Theodore Morgan) ridiculed the idea that he was a "loony," because he had asserted that was a fact, that he had invented a weapon of warfare, and that he was in attendance with several notions of invention, Mons. Fleury and others. But this was just like an English notion of insanity, this was. He (prisoner) had resided some years in America and the Continent, and had gathered a few notions which were contrary to the perceptions of a workhouse doctor—hence, he was mad! He was pretty sure, however, that neither in France nor America would they keep a man seventy hours in the workhouse upon such a miserable pretence as this. The Magistrate is there any one in London who knows you? Defendant: "Knows me? If you had asked the question thirty years ago, I should like to know where the man who didn't know me. I have been in a public way all my life. Thirty years ago I was a machinist at the old Adelphi Theatre, and well I remember poor Yates, God bless him, he died almost in my very arms; and there's his poor wife too, and she has just been confined, and what position did you hold at the theatre? Defendant: A machinist. Did you know what a machinist is? He's the man who makes all the properties from a pasteboard chicken up to a pantomimic warming pan. God bless you, I was as well known as any man in town. Ask Webster, or Tom Ireland, of the Crown and Cushion, or Tracery, or Dickens, who used to call me "Lushy Ned"—for I used to drink a bit; there's no denying that. God bless me, London is a blank to me now a most. All my old cronies are gone; for I went to Liverpool, and then abroad. I've been employed to charm the Arabs, and I've been a waiter at the principal hotels in Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, (at the Hen and Chickens) and almost everywhere else. Me a "loony"! I may be a bit of a blackguard—I am a vagabond; but as for being a lunatic—no, I don't say it, they can't say it. If you pardon your worship, for swearing a bit, but the treatment I have been exposed to make me savage. The Magistrate: But how do you account for having those "knuckle-dusters" in your possession? Defendant: I made them myself. It's quite the thing in America, and I just want to teach the mate of a Yankee vessel who has said an unkind thing of a friend of mine, how they are used. The Magistrate: Have you any relations? Defendant: I have a daughter at Deptford, very comfortably settled, but she has just been confined, and I shouldn't like her to be excited by being appealed to. I have also a son at Liverpool, holding a high position there, and I don't care about his being troubled on my account, either, for I am a vagabond—there's no doubt about that—and if you like to commit me as a vagabond, I'll be content. I don't mind going to a prison, but I'm d— I beg your pardon again—I mean I'm blest if I go back to St. Giles' workhouse. If you want to test my intelligence, I can give you a speech in several languages, and a smawk of the classics, if you like. I have worked for the brother of Louis Napoleon, and I have been trusted by Mackie & Co., of the Black Ball Line, by Canard's, and a few notable firms. Mr. Bennett still said he had no doubt the man was as mad as two-thirds of the lunatics at Hanwell, but his worship stated that he should like further inquiry, and his relatives might be written to. He was, at any rate, a somewhat remarkable man. The defendant said he would not return to the workhouse, and could not be got into the cab, but he was eventually led away by the police.

CATCHING A GEMASSE PIG.—The Rhode Island boys, at Camp Sprague, near Washington, got the "whole hog" on an out door spew, when off duty, the latest event being a Pig race, an account of which we append:—The poor porker, closely shaved and thoroughly lubricated from snout to tail, was conveyed to the arena in a covered box. Pious indeed was the expression of his innocent face when, uncaged, he was turned adrift. Unknowing his destiny, he slowly stepped from his prison, grunting satisfaction at release. But with a whoop, ten insatiable fiends rushed madly forward and endeavored to clutch his prehensile tail. Piggy, of a sudden, awoke to a realizing sense of his position, and darted off, unceremoniously to go, and emitting the most doleful squeals. He rushed here, and scouted there, having no respect for the legs of any one, and routing people in every direction. The men perspiring, hot and eager, were desperate in the chase. They grabbed and caught only to find their efforts futile. No sooner would the prize appear to be won than it was lost. The difficulty of the capture was enhanced by its being allowable only to hold the animal by his uncouth appendage—any other method being ruled out. The feat appeared impossible, but one man sublimely rose whose intellect was adequate to the performance of the feat. He showed himself to be the very Napoleon of pig chasers. He seized supreme his the reins of the task, and watching for an opportunity threw himself bodily on the victim, and seized the tail between his teeth. The squealing was terrific, but was drowned in the shrieks of laughter that were undoubtedly heard in Washington. Who got the pig? Why, a Marine, of course.

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